



ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES.



THE ONE REMAINING DUTY FOR THE "SIMPLE CHRISTIAN."

JAEHNE AND O'NEIL (to DISTRICT ATTORNEY FELLOWS).—Come, old boy, now that it's all blown over, the least you can do is to get us out, too!



PUCK,
PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Keppler & Schwarzmann.

Publishers and Proprietors.

Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

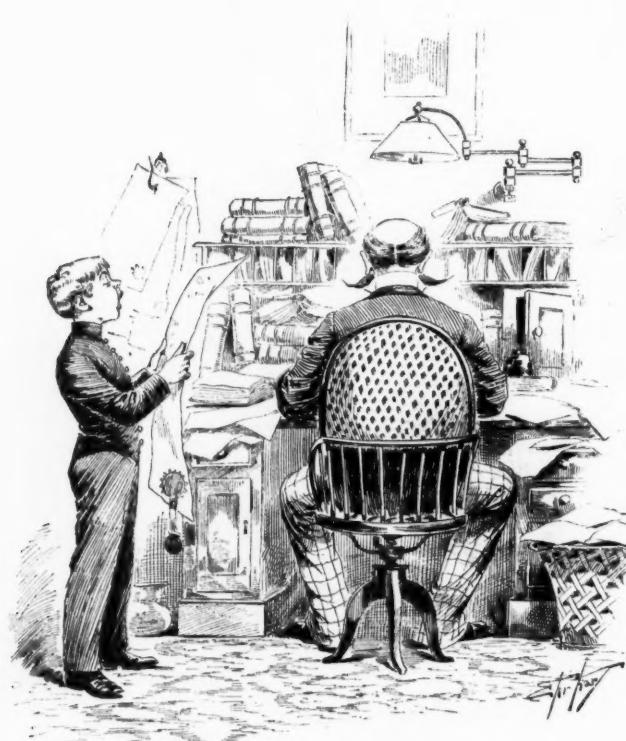
Wednesday, July 31st, 1889.—No. 647.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THAT NATION is most truly great which triumphs over the greatest number of drawbacks to greatness. It is easy for a naturally strong and healthy man who has never impaired his constitution to achieve feats of prowess. But when we see a lame man with rheumatism in his left arm peg away and come out victor in a fight, we recognize true greatness in his moral and physical make-up. It is the same with nations.

Take Russia for an instance of an opposite case. It is easy enough for Russia to be great. She has nothing else to do. There she sits, all by herself, spread out over half the map of Europe and half the map of Asia, and her whole business is to be great right along, after her own peculiar fashion. All questions of political right and wrong are solved for her by the simple and beautiful institution of an absolute despotism. Her despot is a tyrant? Of course; that's what he was born a despot for. His officials are corrupt and cruel? Why not? That's what they are officials for. The common people are taxed and tortured, and have a hard time of it, generally? Certainly, that's what common people were made for. You don't like it? Lump it!

But if Russia had to bother herself about moral questions, it would be a very different matter. She would not find so much time to be great in. Suppose she had to consider whether this or that tax were not an unjust burden on certain of her citizens, and whether its reduction or abolition would be fair to certain other of her citizens! Suppose she had



SOME DIPLOMATIC CORRESPONDENCE.

CLERK OF COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—What is it, Peterson?
PAGE.—A message from his Royal Highness, the King of the Hawaiian Islands, sir, referred to you by the President.

CLERK OF COMMITTEE.—Read it aloud; I'm busy.

PAGE (reading).—Honored Sir: Will you kindly loan me five dollars till day after to-morrow?
[Signed.] KALAKAUA.

to worry her head about keeping her citizens decently sober without restricting their proper rights and privileges—instead of taking her own plain course and letting them get as drunk as they please! Suppose she did n't feel sure that it was eminently the correct thing for officials to be corrupt and overbearing, and was trying her best to make up her own mind to abate the nuisance! She would find that she had what we plain Americans would call several large chores on her hands. The question of being great would resolve itself into an uncommonly complex problem.

Now this last is our situation; such it has been for a number of years, and may—in fact, must be—for many years to come. That it has given us time to be a great nation in many different ways shows the stuff that is in us. And the fact that the good stuff is there gives us a perfect right to hold a national jubilee of self-gratulation, and to invite the other nations of the world to come and rejoice with us—not over our mistakes and failures, but over the fact that we are strong enough to make such mistakes and failures without losing our place in the world.

Therefore, be it resolved, that we consider that the late Christopher Columbus was foresighted and judicious in discovering a site for our greatness, and that we will celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of his enterprising performance in a way that would do the old man's heart good if he only were here to see it!

Our simple Christian District Attorney is convinced by the result of the two "Boodle" cases he has already tried that the people would be justified in demanding his removal, if he expended any more of the people's money on another of these trials. And as his removal is not what Col. John R. Fellows is there for, we may rest assured that he will obey the dictates of his conscience and economy on this occasion. This decision of his is very agreeable news to the gentlemen now under indictment for complicity in the Broadway Railroad frauds, who may now return to their old haunts without undergoing the expense and annoyance of a public trial, though it can hardly be regarded in a very favorable light by their two former companions now languishing behind prison bars for the same offences. Nor, indeed, is the result regarded as an unmixed blessing by all the voters and taxpayers of this metropolis; and some of them have even gone so far as to imply that Col. Fellows did not desire the conviction of the bribed aldermen and the bribing street-railway magnates; and a few have even hinted that his wishes were not governed entirely by his natural feelings of friendship for these unfortunate persons. In other words, there is a decided kick against John R. Fellows.

It would be well for the people, the virtuously indignant and dreadfully scandalized people, who are imputing such dreadful motives to our easy-going and genial District Attorney to pause for a few brief moments and consider this very pertinent question: If they elect men to office because they are good fellows, and have been abused, what do they expect? When John R. Fellows was nominated for District Attorney, he was not a dark horse. He was well known by the people of this city for his jovial nature, his lax business methods, the merry twinkle of his eye, his ready companionship with the "boys," his brilliancy of epigram, his light and airy disregard of his personal responsibilities; in fact, for a remarkable accumulation of those qualities which render a man conspicuously unfit for the office of District Attorney. And the people got mad because they were told so. Got mad because this jolly, agreeable, witty, popular gentleman was abused and denounced and his unbusiness-like ways exposed. Got so mad that they elected him.

And now they are mad at him because he has not accomplished what they had no reason to expect that he could accomplish. These people should not blame the District Attorney. He simply was not the man for the job. It is more than doubtful if he could have secured a conviction in one of the "Boodle" cases, even had he strenuously exerted every power that is in him to that one end. The people have themselves, and themselves alone, to blame. They had a chance to vote for a man who was able to do their will—through whose untiring efforts were due the convictions of Jachne and O'Neill. But the people would n't have him. Not that they had any thing against him. Oh, no! But his opponent had been abused.

But, if we are going to elect men to public office on grounds of sympathy, we shall soon have the maimed, the halt, and the blind appealing for our suffrages; and the man with a shrewish wife will vaunt his claims as against the man with one leg shorter than the other. Yet such misfortunes would not necessarily disqualify these men for the offices they might seek. Candidates elected on these grounds solely might turn out to be excellent officials. But the sympathy that the people of New York felt for John R. Fellows necessarily involved the idea that he was unworthy. And if the people must make a kick, and there is certainly reason for one, they should not kick Mr. Fellows, but themselves.

FABLES FOR THE TIMES.



THE MAN AND THE MULE.

LARGE MAN was once riding a small lean Mule along a country Road, and when he came to a Village, the People all cried Out: "Oh, what a Shame! Why doesn't the Man get down and carry the Mule? It would be the right Thing for him to Do!" The Man Heeded the words of the Villagers, dismounted, took the Mule on his Shoulder, and continued on his Journey. He had not gone far before he met the Manager

of a Dime Museum, who, being deeply Impressed with the Strange Spectacle which he beheld, at once secured the Services of the man for his Unrivalled Show, at an enormous salary, and exhibited him as "The Great and Only Mule-Toter of the Rocky Mountains;" and when the Man had accumulated a large Fortune, he retired from Business, purchased a Steam Yacht, and said Eyether and Neyether for the balance of his life.

MORAL.—This Fable teaches how Important it is to pay constant Attention to what is going on Around us, and to listen to what is Said, even when the Giddy and Thoughtless speak.

THE CUNNING SHEPHERD.

A hired Shepherd, who tended a flock of Sheep in a vale of Tempe, was wont to Amuse himself from Day to Day by raising a loud Cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" and People from a Village hard by would come armed with all manner of Weapons to kill the Wolf; and then the Merry Shepherd would lie down on the Grass in a paroxysm of Laughter, and greatly Enjoy the deception which he had practiced upon the Villagers. But one day the Wolf came in Earnest, and when the Shepherd raised an outcry, no one came; so the Lad, with an eye single to Thrift and Gain, promptly killed the Wolf with a Club, kept the Secret to himself, and in a few days got Five Dollars for the Wolf-Scalp, in accordance with a law passed by the Tempeian Legislature, offering a bounty for such Things.

MORAL.—This Fable teaches that even a Liar may reap the Rewards of Enterprise and Perseverance.

J. A. Macon.

"RATS" IS OUT OF DATE.

"And do you love your kind Mama, Willy?" asked the well-meaning visitor; "and are you fond of your nice little pony, and—"

"Ah-h-h-h, Fauntleroy!" said Willy wearily, as he turned away.



DERIVATION OF A NAME.

MISS HEMPSTED (as the dog-cart breaks down).—I hope you're not hurt, Uncle.

UNCLE CORBETT.—I'm alive, Helen, an' now I guess I know why you called this thing a *trap*.



A CHESTNUT IN A NEW BURR.

MRS. SQUATTER.—I saw Bridget Ann in the strate to-day. Small nade of a Solomon to tell she's your dawter!

MRS. GOATHILL.—They du say she's the very pictur of me.

MRS. SQUATTER.—And true for 'em! But what need ye care so long as the poor thing has her health?

MY MUSICAL NEIGHBOR.

My neighbor is a great lover of music. All of his five girls are taking lessons on the piano, and each practices on an average of two hours daily. When the girls are not practicing, my neighbor or his wife are engaged at the piano. The gentle reader may think that my religion must have long since left me; but it has n't. Though the doors and windows of my house are thrown open from the first of May until the middle of September, the music of my neighbor does not bother me or my family. And this will not seem so remarkable when I explain that I live in Kansas, and that my neighbor and his family occupy a handsome dug-out three miles to leeward.

Homer Bassford.

HOPE DEFERRED.

SPACER.—They say the President is going to spend two days a week at his desk, instead of taking a vacation.

JOB HUNTER.—Only two? Great Scott, Spacer, I'm afraid it'll be a cold day before some of us can get into office!

A WATER COURSE.

MR. SCADS.—What course will you take next year?

BOB SCADS (Yale '91).—New London.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS.

He has not a "pile," he has not a "pull,"
No "geographical qualification;"
Nor a member is he of Our First Familee—
But he still draws his pay from the Nation.

Office-seekers with sighs foot it home o'er the ties,
All their hopes buried deep "in the gravy,"
But though they may sneeze in this chill Summ'r's
breeze,
He cares not—for he's in the Navy!

A SABBATARIAN SENTIMENT.

THE POSTMASTER GENERAL.—Did you enjoy the Sabbath, your Excellency?

THE PRESIDENT.—Oh, yes; the fish bit like—ah—

THE POSTMASTER GENERAL (coming to the rescue).

—I hope you caught a great many of them, your Excellency? Fishes that are so wicked as to bite on Sunday deserve to be eaten, I am sure.



FIVEACE PHILPOT calls a bathing costume a "euchre deck," because it is such a short suit.

THE TAR'S LAMENT.



H, woe is me, and, oh, woe is me,
And sad is my dreadful lot;
For, like the tar of the "Nancy" Brig,
I'm crew of a young man's yacht.

At daylight's dawn I the whole crew
am,
And I holystone the deck;
I scrub and scrub and I rub and rub
Till of dirt there's ne'er a speck.

Then I puts on an apron and cap,
And, lo and behold, I'm a cook!
Though what I don't know about such
things
Would fill an enormous book.

And after that the first mate I am,
And report to my cap'n bold,
Arrayed in my togs of navy blue,
With buttons of shining gold.

I've got "Defiance" writ on my cap,
For that's the name of the yacht;
But I nurse defiance in my soul,
For such is my dreadful lot.

The jolly crew of the Captain's gig
Is next in my line of parts,
And I rows the Captain safe ashore,
Then back to the ship I darts.

And so it goes on from morn till night,
Till my brain is all at sea;
And I sometimes has to stop and think
To find out just who I be.

George D. Sutton.

THE MEN TOUCHED THEIR HATS.

THERE WERE eighteen men and one undersized boy seated in the car when I entered it at Canal Street. The ladies began to get in as we reached the Metropolitan, and the men rose one by one and gave up their seats — it was early in the afternoon. At last, when we reached Union Square, there were eighteen ladies, one large old gentleman, and the undersized boy occupying seats in that car, while a row of able-bodied men stood in the aisle and hung on the straps.

The women had begun to pour in a steady stream, and the further uptown we went the steadier the stream grew. For the last five blocks I had noticed that the old gentleman was watching the undersized boy, who sat right opposite him. I had also noticed that the more the old gentleman watched, the redder he grew in the face, and the tighter his collar seemed to fit him.

The boy was not watching the old gentleman. He sat with his hands in his pockets, fidgeting upon his seat. From time to time he whistled a little, in a penetrating undertone. As each lady entered the car, he bestowed on her a prolonged and particular stare, that would have been a notable performance for a toothpick masher on a hotel porch. But he had not observed the old gentleman.

At Seventeenth Street two ladies boarded the car. The old gentleman instantly arose, and, with a courtly bow, offered his seat to the

elder of the two. Then he glanced around the car as though he were looking for a seat for the other one, and his eyes fell upon the boy. A look of ready-made surprise came upon his face, succeeded by an expression of grief and indignation.

"William!" he shouted, as he grasped the boy by his coat-collar, "William, get up this instant and give your seat to the lady! Great heavens! that I should live to see a boy of mine sitting down and whistling while a lady is standing! What will your poor old mother say when I tell her this? William," he continued, sadly and yet sternly, "I am going to teach you right here and now never to disgrace my name again."

Still holding the boy by the collar, he backed up against the door frame and elevated one broad knee. The boy had just time to gasp: "I ain't no boy of yours!" when he found himself lying face downward across that knee in the very vortex and maelstrom of one of the grandest and most symmetrical spankings ever administered in this or any other age. Those who witnessed the exhibition of agility and science were of the opinion that the old gentleman was well preserved for his years.

The performance was thorough; but it was also rapid. It was over before the boy had succeeded in repeating his original statement three times, in three different keys. Then the old gentleman sat the boy on the floor; and the conductor, who was evidently a man of deliberation, thought it time to interfere.

"Here!" he said, "you can't lick that boy if he ain't no relation to you."

"I never seen him before!" said the boy, between gasps.

"Great Scott!" cried the old gentleman, "does the young rascal deny his own father?"

Then he took out his glasses and looked at the boy, and his expression of astonishment was beautiful to see.

"Why, bless me!" he exclaimed, "that's so! Why, I thought it was my youngest boy William. Dear me! I hope I have n't inconvenienced you, young sir? You'll excuse me, won't you?"

The boy said something that sounded like "police."

"Want to go to the police-station?" asked the old gentleman, benevolently. "Been carried beyond the street, eh?"

"Well, we'll rectify that mistake at once."

Grasping the boy once more by the collar, he stepped out on the platform, lifted him lightly over the rear bulwarks, and dropped him.

The conductor smiled and rang a merry peal on his strap, the driver whipped up, the car flew rapidly up Broadway, the boy stood in the street weeping and using language shocking in one so young until he was nearly run over by a truck. And when the old gentleman stepped back into the car all the men touched their hats to him, and six ladies arose and quarreled with each other for the privilege of giving him a seat.



THE RIGHT SHOP.

CUSTOMER.—I want to git a mixed suit; what hev ye got in that line?
PROPRIETOR.—I haf pants from Pansalvania; I haf vests from Vest Virginia; I haf collars from Colorado; I haf coats from Dakota; I haf neckties from Connektiecut! Mixed suits vas my specialty!



THE PRESS OF NEW JERSEY.

IT LOOKS AS IF Civil Service Reform methods would have to be extended. When an American Congressman can marry his daughter to a bogus Count, an examination in the "Peerage" and books of its class would seem to be in order.

THIS is thirsty weather. Even the mercury is filling its glass higher in these times.

TIME IS MONEY, but you can not realize much of it on a Waterbury watch.

HER CHARM.

HE LOVES her not for dimpled chin,
Nor shoulder fair,
Nor gleams of sunshine braided in
Her silky hair ;

Nor for the beauty of her eyes,
Those lakes of blue
That mirror back the tender skies,
So pure and true.

He loves her not that fingers small
His own may meet,
Nor for the fact that, all in all,
She's good and sweet—

But simply for the way in which,
When he returns
Back from the track, the little witch,
With glance that yearns,

Makes from the men who circle near
A sudden burst,
To ask him breathlessly: "Jack, dear,
Who came in first?"

Madeline S. Bridges.



A HANDKERCHIEF SPECIALIST.

THE OTHER MORNING, as the departing Cunard steamer was casting off its lines and swinging out into the stream, an elderly-looking business man hastily embraced a lady who was one of the passengers, and rushed down the gang-plank to the wharf.

Going hurriedly up to a melancholy loafer who was watching the busy crowd, the gentleman drew him behind a pile of freight, and said:

"Want to earn a dollar?"

"You bet."

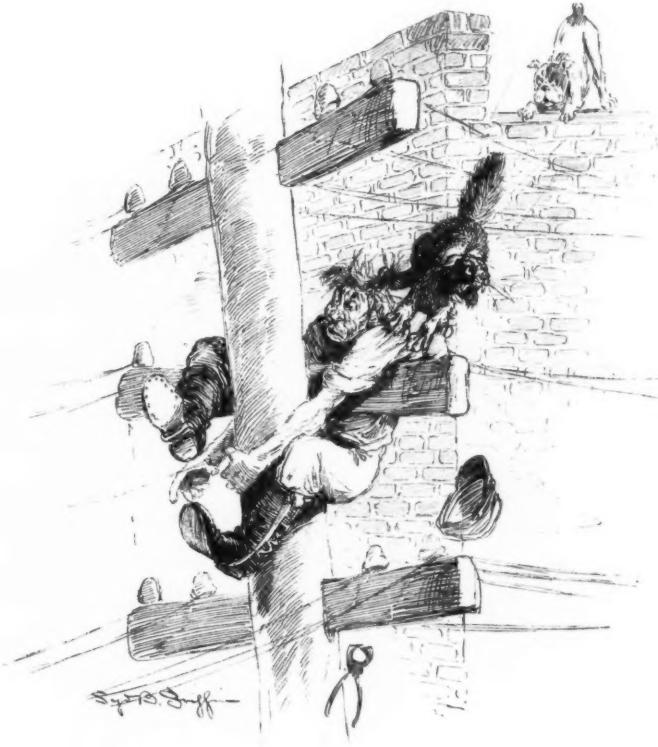
"You see that lady in black on the bridge there?" said the citizen.

"Cert."

"Well, that's my wife, going to Europe. Now, of course, she'll expect me to stand here for the next twenty minutes, while the steamer is backing and filling around, so as to wave my handkerchief and watch her out of sight. See?"

"I ketch on, boss."

"Well, I'm too busy to fool around here; stock to buy, biz to



A TRAGEDY OF THE AIR.

ELECTRIC LIGHT LINEMAN (*convulsively*).—I knew
I'd ketch a shock sometime, an' now it's came!

attend to. She's a little near-sighted; so I'll just hire you to wave this handkerchief, instead. It's a big one, with a red border, and as long as she sees it, she'll think it's me. Come up to 202 Wall Street when they are well off, and I'll pay you."

"S'posin' she looks through a telescope, or suthin'?"

"In that case you'll have to bury your face in the handkerchief, and do the great weep act."

"That'll be fifty cents extra."

"All right. Time is money. Look sharp now! You can kiss your hand a few times at, say, one dime per kiss;" and snapping his watch the overdriven business man rushed off.

We print this affecting little incident to call attention to the fact that the man thus employed has gone into the business regularly. He is now a professional fareweller, and business men and others can save valuable time, and yet give their departing relatives an enthusiastic send-off by applying to the above specialist any steamer day. Go early to avoid the rush.



SO KIND.

(BENTWHISTLE has placed the picnic basket under the hedge, to keep it cool.)

MRS. BENTWHISTLE.—How thoughtful of William! He's even brought along two cornucopias of candy for the children.

HE HAS TOO MANY RELATIVES.

"Speaking about distances," remarked Lige, "they are only relative."

"Elijah," interrupted the President, "please don't use the word 'relative.' It annoys me."

A VALUABLE SINNER.

AUNT KEZIAH (*severely*).—So you're going to try the experiment of reforming young Scapely after marriage. Is he worth reforming?

KITTIE (*tearfully*).—Well, he's worth a million.

THE PARAGRAPHER AT THE SEASHORE.

MISS DE SMYTHE.—Why did you leave us and rush away to the hotel so suddenly, Mr. Squib?

MR. SQUIB.—To get pencil and paper; I had a fifty-cent think.



EQUILIBRIUM RESTORED.

Spring's gay overcoat is shed,
Brawny shoulders now are fled.

* * *

He whose form it lately hid
Stood like capsized pyramid.

* * *

View him now from feet to face,
A pyramid upon its base.



How 'Rasmus Paid the Mortgage.



A DIALECT STORY.

CHAPTER I.

"OH, DE WOLF an' de har', dey had a great fight,
(Down on de ribber de wil' geese is callin',)
De har' pulled de wolf's teeth so 's he cudden bite.
(A-callin' me to my long home.)
S' id de wolf to de har', 'Doan hit so hard,'
(De dew on de hollyhock 's all a-dryin',)
An' he killed de har' w'en he co't him oaf his guard.
(Ah'll dry up an' go home.)"

Up the vista, formed by a narrow, tortuous Virginia lane, came Uncle 'Rasmus, an aged darkey, singing one of the songs of his race that never grow old — because they die young, it may be.

As he hobbled along the path, he talked to himself as was his wont.

"Golly, Ah mus' hurry up, o' de fokses won' hab no dinnah; for, be jabers, 't is meself that has got to git riddy dthat same. Och, worra! worra! but 't is no synekewer Oi 'm havin', an' dthat's dther trut'."

Just then his watch struck five minutes to six, and he ran off toward the homestead of Squire Lamar, saying, as he did so, in his quaint way: "Veepin' Rachel, der boss will kick der live out mit me."

Before the war, Squire Lamar had been the richest man in Oconee County; but the conflict had ruined him, and he now had little, except his plantation, horses and stables. He lived in his ancestral house, which was heavily mortgaged, with his wife and children.

'Rasmus, his only servant, an ex-slave, supported the family by collecting dollars — at night.

As he ran toward the house, he saw Squire Lamar on the verandah. Just then a horseman dashed up. He was the Sheriff of Oconee County. 'Rasmus took advantage of the commotion, and ran into the kitchen to cook the dinner. On seeing the Squire, the Sheriff called out to him: "The mortgage on this place will be foreclosed if the \$3,600 due is not forthcoming by to-morrow noon."

"Alas!" said the Squire; "you see how we are situated. I have n't a dollar, and would n't know how to earn one if I had."

At this juncture, 'Rasmus, who had cooked the dinner during the conversation, came up and said: "Massa, Ah's a free man, Ah know Ah is; but avick, 't is a mighty shmall wan Oi 'd be, if I would n't help out a poor omadhou'n like yerself. 'Caed mille fail the Bryn Mawr dolce far niente.' Zat ees mon motto, an' so, deah massah, I will guarantee to git de money by to-morrow noon."

Then turning to the Sheriff, he said in a manly tone that contrasted ill with his ragged garments: "Ye maun fash a wee, laddie, doon the skim."

After a few more words, the Sheriff, who was really a kind man at heart, rode off, saying he would be on hand the next day, and if the money were not forthcoming, he would march them all off to the county jail, ten miles distant. After blowing the dinner horn, 'Rasmus hobbled off to his humble cottage.

CHAPTER II.

On arriving at his cabin, 'Rasmus took a bolster-case full of dollars from under the bed, and proceeded to count them. There were just \$3,000.

"Now, Ah mus' git \$600 more before to-morrow, or else me poor master 'll be wor-rkin' in the chain gang. Ach, Himmel!" said the good old darkey, his eyes suffused with tears, "if dot took blace, it zeems as if mein herz would break."

He calmly decided on a plan of action, however. Waiting until night had flung over the earth a pall, through which the silvery moon cast shimmering beams aslant the quivering aspens of the forest, and the snoring of the birds told him that Nature slept, he left his house and walked briskly off to the highway.

About that time a lawyer was riding along the road on horseback, with a wallet containing his share of an estate worth \$600, which he had secured for an old woman.

'Rasmus saw the traveler, saw the horse, saw the wallet.

The traveler saw no one. He was blind — drunk.

'Rasmus cut a stout bludgeon.

The traveler ambled on.

'Rasmus clasped the bludgeon.

The traveler continued to amble.

'Rasmus stole up beside him.



The traveler lay in the ditch.

'Rasmus jumped on the horse, the wallet in his hand, and galloped home, stabling the beautiful animal in his cabin to avoid being suspected of the murder.

Placing his shoe in front of the one window of the cabin, that none might see him, he counted the money, and found it amounted to just \$600, which, together with the \$3,000, formed the sum required by the sheriff. This made him so happy that he picked up a banjo and played Wagner's "Götterdämmerung" through once or twice, accompanying himself on his throat in a rich tenor. He then turned out the gas and retired, to sleep as only a good unselfish soul can.



CHAPTER III.

It is 11:45 A. M. The Squire and his family, who have heard nothing from 'Rasmus, are on the verandah, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Sheriff.

11:50 A. M.! Is Erasmus dead? Has the Sheriff relented?

11:55. Good luck! The Sheriff is seen galloping toward the house, and yet there is no sign of 'Rasmus.

That individual, who is nothing if not dramatic, is sitting behind the house on horseback, awaiting the stroke of twelve.

The door of the ormolu cuckoo clock in the kitchen opens, the cuckoo advances. At her first note the Sheriff jumps from his horse; at the second, he walks sternly upon the verandah; at the third, he asks for the money; at the fourth and fifth they tell him that 'Rasmus has disappeared; at the sixth, seventh and eighth, he handcuffs them all together; at the ninth, tenth and eleventh, he jumps on his horse and rides off, dragging them behind him; and at the twelfth, 'Rasmus trots leisurely out from behind the house, and, opening a carpet bag, counts out \$3,600 in silver.

The astonished Sheriff puts the money into his pocket, gives Squire Lamar a receipt in full for it, unlocks the handcuffs, and the family resume their wonted places on the verandah.

But all was not yet done. 'Rasmus still had his bludgeon with him, and a few deft strokes on the Sheriff's head were all sufficient. 'Rasmus then took back the money, and gave it to Squire Lamar. Then he told them all to remain perfectly still, and whistling three times, an amateur photographer made his appearance, adjusted his apparatus, and took their pictures.

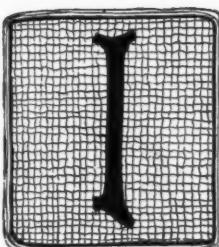
Zarony could have wished for no better subjects. On the broad verandah lay the old lady prone on the floor, reading the "Tallahassee Inland Mariner"; at her side sat her daughter, Turk-fashion, shelling a pea, while the son and heir reclined near by reading an account by a Prussian officer of the third battle of Bull Run. The father, weighted down with dollars, snored in the background.

And, beaming on them all with the consciousness of having done his best and done it well, old 'Rasmus stood, singing ventriloquially, so as not to injure the picture, this negro plantation song:

"De Ribber Jordan I can see,
Toujour jamais, toujour jamais;
Mein liebe frau, ach, she loves me,
Fair Jeannie het awa!
Then I wen' daown the caows to milk,
Toujour jamais, toujour jamais;
Me lika banan' as softa as silk,
Helas, cordon, by gar!"



Chas. Battell Loomis



MET A CHILD upon the street —
A presidential child,
I took him by his little hand,
And said, in accents mild :
“ How goes the world, my gentle boy ? ” —
His Fauntleroy sash he eased,
And looking brightly in my eyes,
He answered : “ Pa is pleased.”

“ But then,” I said, “ my gentle boy,
The civil service law
Is being deviled in a way
To fill mens’ minds with awe.
The politicians East and West
With wild unrest are seized ” —
But still he looked me in the face,
And answered : “ Pa is pleased.”

“ But, do you know, the working-men,” “ But no one else is satisfied,”
I said, “ are all on strike ;
And they are all allowed to starve
Or not, just as they like ? ”
And not by joyance of your dad
Are empty ‘tums’ appeased ? ”
But still he brightly looked at me,
And answered : “ Pa is pleased.”

“ As far as I’ve a chance to see,
Throughout this total land,”
So though I spoke of trifling things,
He looked a little teased ;
But still, with confidence serene,
He answered : “ Pa is pleased.”

“ But, Russell,” then I said to him.
“ If Bradstreet tells us righ’,
The bankruptcies of ‘89
Knock last year out of sight.
And can it be our traffic laws
Make industries diseased ? ”
But still unflinching looked he up,
And answered : “ Pa is pleased.”

“ O simple childish faith ! ” I thought,
“ Would I, a hardened man,
The puzzle of our politics
Thus placidly might scan !
How pleasant would it be if all
Our woes and cares were eased,
And everything were right — (it ain’t,) —
Because your Pa is pleased ! ”

Wm. Wadsworth.

GAVE HIM A CHANCE.

“ I REGRET to say so, Mr. Scadhunter,” said the Secretary of the Bar Harbor Tennis Club to one of our most promissory young society men, “ but I can not consistently endorse your application for membership.”

“ Why not ? ” gasped the brevet four-hundreder, turning pale.

“ It pains me to tell you,” replied the official, sternly, “ but the other night at the opera I heard you say *ee-ther* instead of *ii-ther*. Now a man who would do that would say ‘fancy,’ instead of ‘fahncy,’ and ‘thank you’ in place of ‘tha-a-a-anks, awfully.’ ”

“ No, no ; not so bad as that,” pleaded the round-dancer. “ I remember the circumstance. It was my first offense. I was excited — off my guard.”

“ It’s not English, you know.”

“ It shall never occur again. Don’t betray me, I implore you ! Remember, you had no heiress once yourself ! ”

“ That’s so, be gad,” muttered the self-made man, compassionately.

“ Then don’t ruin me. Keep my shameful secret, I entreat you, and heaven will reward you. Just at this time, too, when I’ve got a chance to lead the german at the Fobwallette’s party next week. If I had a rich father to back me, and family influence, I would n’t mind it so much ; but, as it is, my good name is all I have ; ” and he burst into tears.

And to the credit of our common humanity, be it said that the Secretary promised to give him a chance to live it down.



DID N’T LOOK IT.

MRS. TUFFTS. — Look, Maud ! Do you see that gentleman over there, smoking a cigarette ? He’s a real live French nobleman.

MAUD (who reads the funny columns). — Why, he don’t look like a barber !

OUT OF THE QUESTION.

RIVERSIDE RIVES. — I can’t see why they don’t run open cars on the Elevated ; something like the “butterfly” cars, for instance.

HARLEM VILLERS. — Monstrous ! Why, there would n’t be any chance to stand up in them !



COMPULSORY GRIMACES.

MRS. MUGGS (a traveler). — You’ll shtop shearin’ me
kid wid them monkey faces, ‘Oi’ll have yez put off th’ car !

MR. FOURTEN (a commuter). — Pardon me, Madam, but
I have a cinder in my eye.

ANNEXED.

FARMER’S BOY (Illinois). — Pop ! Pop ! The prairie wolves are killing the stock ag’in. Where’s the gun ?

OLD FARMER (sadly). — My son, it’s ag’in’ the law to shoot guns in the city limits. We’re in Chicago now.

MOTHS AND TRUSTS.

Lay not, my son, your Albert coat,
Where greedy moths are gay and frisky,
Nor put your trust in any Trust
Of sugar, skewers, lead or whiskey ;
For moths will gnaw where’er they settle,
And Trusts corrode the brightest metal.

POOR MEMORIES.

CROSS-EXAMINING LAWYER (in boodler case). — How many times have you been married ?

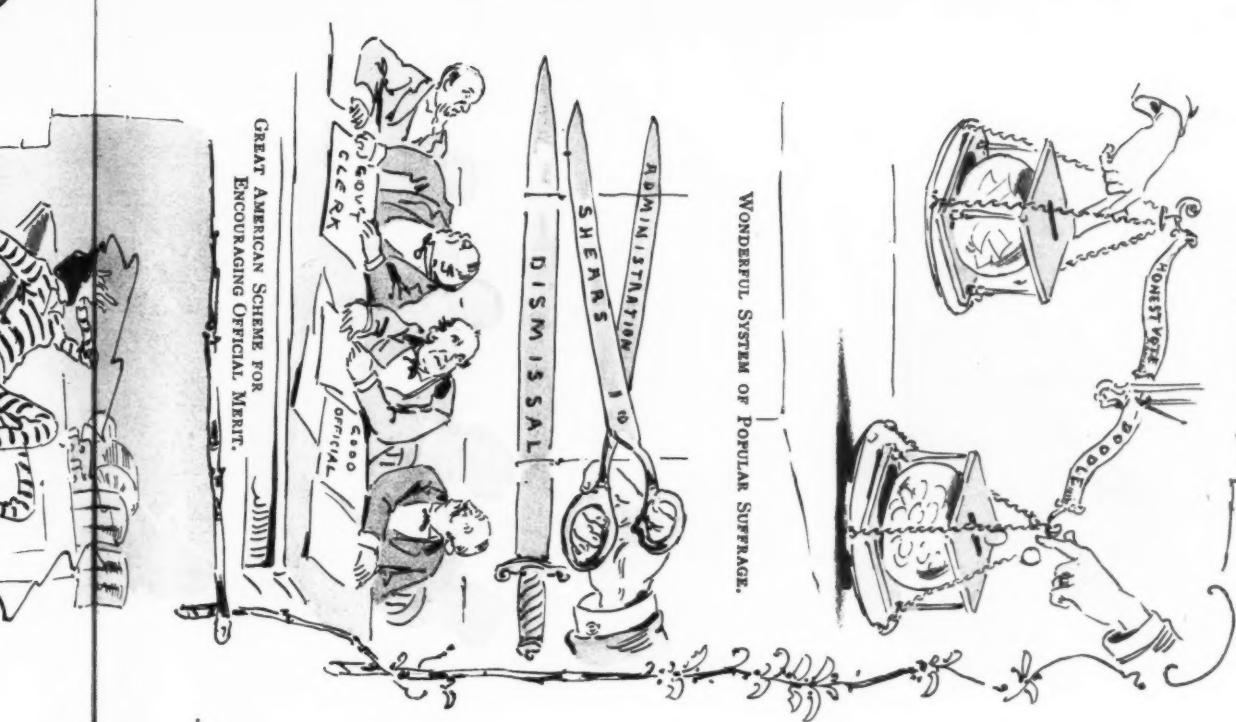
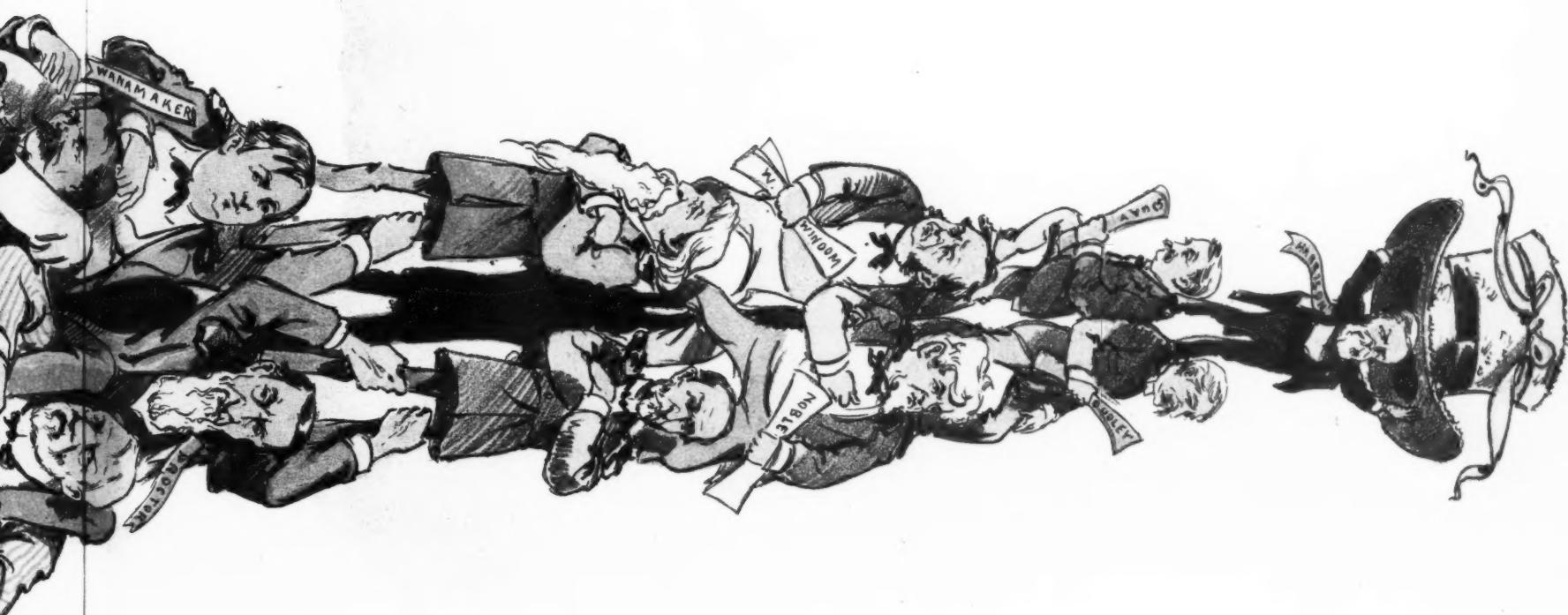
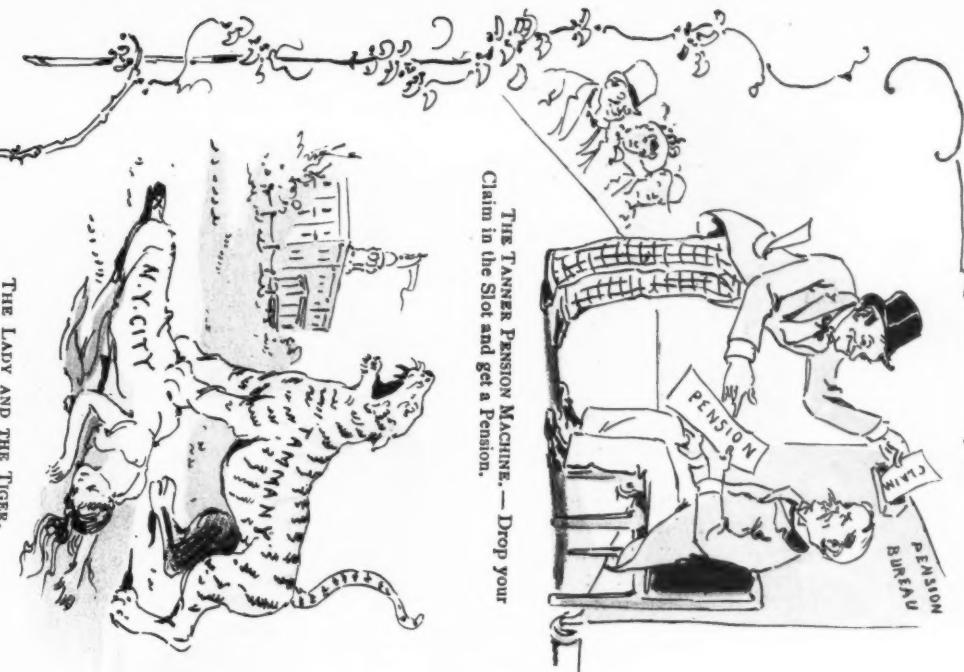
WITNESS (for the defense, mechanically). — I don’t remember.



PUCK CONTRIBUTES AN EIFFEL TOWER AND A FEW OTHER EXHIBITS TO THE PROPOSED WORLD'S FAIR.

SOCIAL EXHIBIT FROM CHICAGO.

HUMANE SYSTEM OF ELECTRICAL EXECUTION.



THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.



WITH FINGERS weary and worn,
In a tucked-up calico skirt,
A woman stood at a washing-tub
Washing a flannel shirt.
She washed, washed, washed,
Until the colors ran—
And this was the size of the flannel shirt
When the washerwoman began.

Rub, rub, rub,
Till the weary arms
grow numb;
Soap, soap, soap,
With hand and
fingers and thumb.

Seam and gusset and band
Gets a rub, and a rub, and a rub—
And this was the size of the flannel shirt
When she took it from the tub.

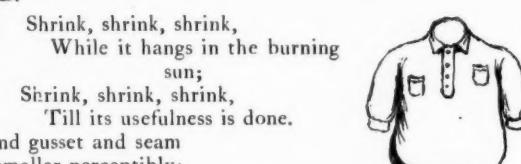
Wring, wring, wring,
With the washerwoman's twist;
Squeeze, squeeze, squeeze,
With a turn of hand and
wrist.

It does not seem the same,
The garment large and fine—
And this was the size of the flannel shirt
When she hung it on the line.

Shrink, shrink, shrink,
While it hangs in the burning
sun;

Shrink, shrink, shrink,
Till its usefulness is done.
Band and gusset and seam
Get smaller perceptibly;
And this was the size of the flannel shirt
When it came back to me.

A. H. Callant.



THE MYSTERIES OF TRADE.

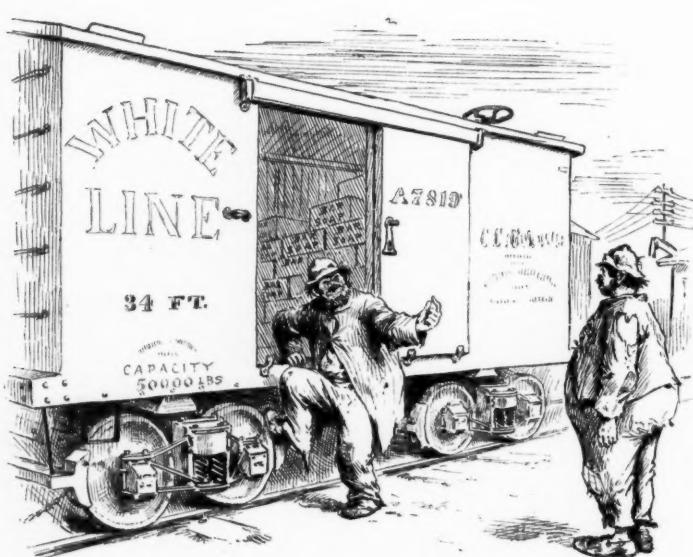
BOB ROUNDER.—It's beginning to rain, Uncle. Let's step into this cigar store.

UNCLE JARED.—Why, boy, a cigar won't keep you dry!

BOB ROUNDER.—No, but an umbrella will. Here's the place to get 'em!

FASHION.

ARTIST (with a bow).—How will you have your sleeves made?
MISS. MOAD.—What is the style now—too tight, or too loose?



(Scene, Eastern Freight-yard.)—“Git in here, Jerry, an' we'll take a nap behind dese 'ere boxes!”

PROVEN BEYOND A DOUBT.

“I'm a relative of the President, and I can't allow any such talk against him,” exclaimed a man in Washington to a group of others who were speaking disrespectfully of Mr. Harrison.

“Let's see,” said one, “what office do you hold?”

“I have n't any office.”

“That's all right, boys; he's no relative of the President.”

GAVE UP HER CLAIM.

“Disapp'nted in Oklahoma? Nary disapp'nt.”

“But what are you coming back for, with your family and stuff?”

“Cain't git no claim?”

“Then how does it happen you are not disappointed?”

“Wal, Betsy, she's allus preached 't they wa'n't no other fool sech a blamed fool 's I be; but sence I tuk her down to Oklahoma she hain't hed nuth'n to say.”

THE COMING NOVELIST.

“In my opinion, the coming master of fiction in America is ex-Minister Lambert Tree.”

“Oh, you're joking!”

“Not at all. He says that in Russia it is difficult to find office-seekers enough to fill even the most important offices.”

HENRY JAMES's latest is

“A London Life.”

It refers to *Punch*.

“TWENTY PER CENT. off for cash,” said the father of five daughters, when one of them married a capitalist.

“GREAT SCOTT! This is a polyglot dinner!” observed Upson Downes, to his friend, as the waiter on Third Avenue shrieked: “Zwei haricots mutton!”

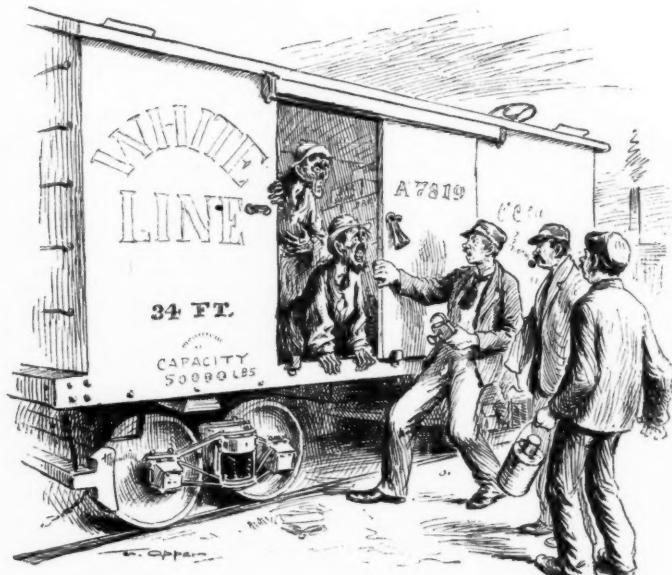


A LOTTERY is a draw fight.

WHEN IRELAND gets Home Rule she will want to annex the United States. This, however, would n't make much of a change in our rulers.

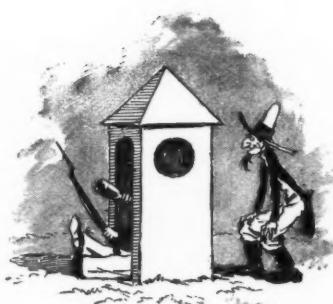
IT IS EASIER to grow wealthy, Manfred, by selling what other people do, than by doing what other people sell.

BY THE FAST LINE.

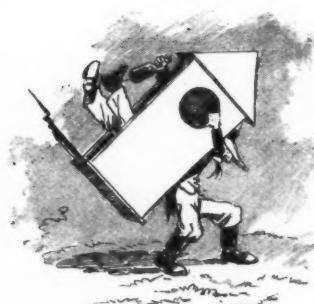


(In Chicago, Five Days Later.)—“Is dere a couple o' crullers in dat pail dat you could spare, Mister? Me an' my pard ain't be'n havin' our meals reg'ler, lately!”

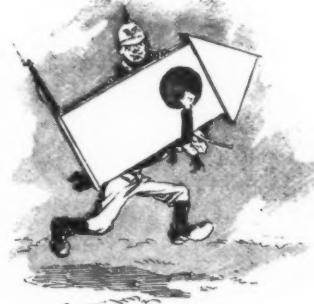
A NIGHT ATTACK AT PEEKSKILL.



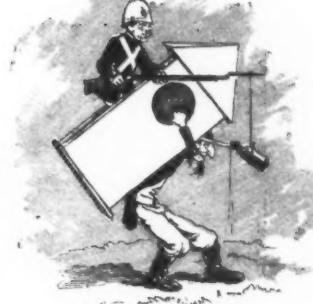
While Private Lush was diligently performing his duty as sentry —



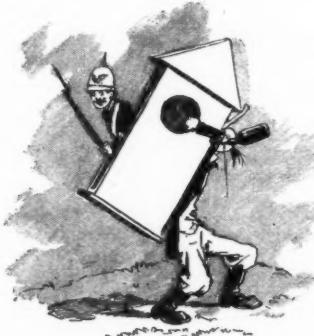
he was surprised by a strong foraging party of the enemy —



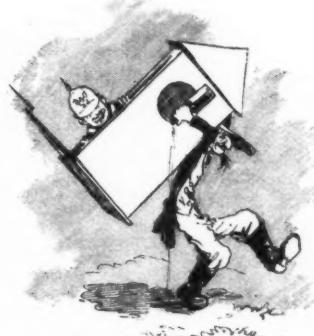
and as he was being carried off a prisoner by them —



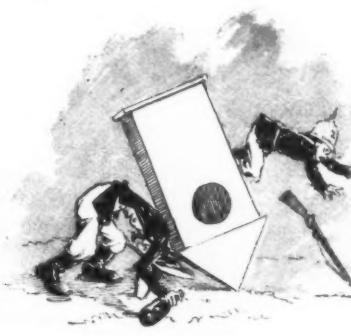
it was necessary to call out the reserve force —



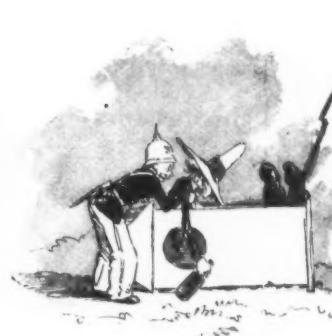
which checked and disconcerted —



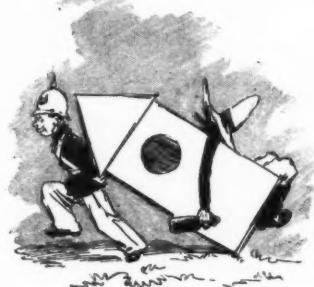
the enemy's movement to such an extent —



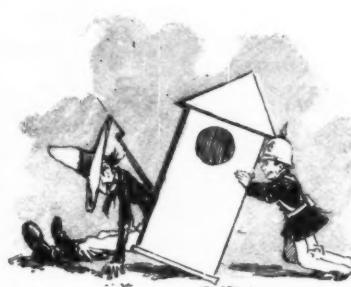
that his ultimate rout —



and capture was an easy matter. —



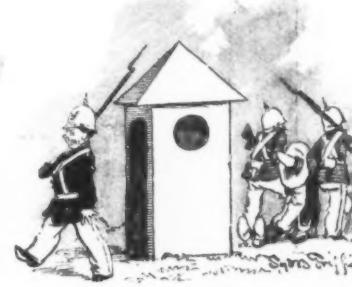
Upon surrendering he was triumphantly escorted into camp —



and turned over —



to the guard by Private Lush —



who was immediately promoted to the rank of Corporal for gallantry displayed in action.

THE COMMERCIAL INSTINCT.

Hi WEIGHMAN.—I say, there, I want your money. And be quick about it, for I've got a pistol in my hand!

JAKE COHEN.—I tells you vot, friendt; you sells me dot pistol, und I gif you a brice dot vill make your eyes stick oud!

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

INKHORN (*to his employer*).—Could you please let me off this afternoon to go fishing, Mr. Grinder?

GRINDER (*astounded*).—What! — have you really buried your last relative?

FAME.

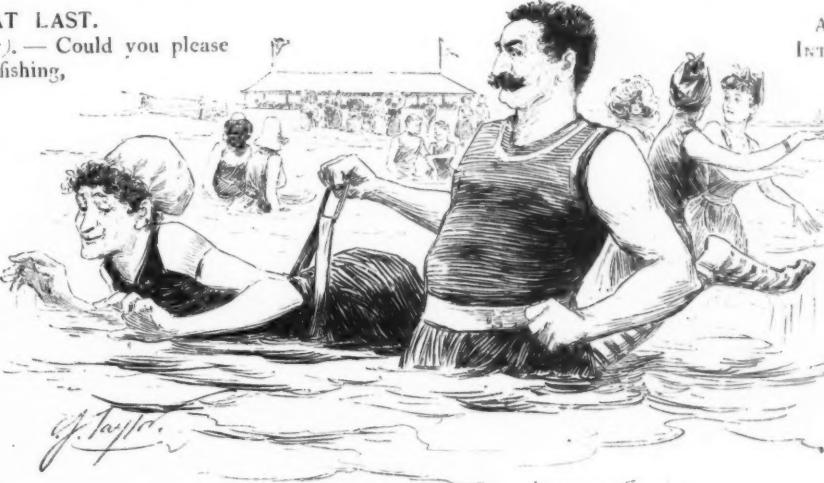
IN MEDIEVAL Persia

The critics, rapture-fraught,
Paid homage to Firdousi,
And Omar was as naught.

But now the rarest judges
Who Song divinely love,
Place the neglected Omar
Firdousi far above.

Look to your crown, Lord Alfred,
For in the future far
You may be as Firdousi,
And Tupper as Omar.

R. K. M.



ROPED IN.

JACK OVERSTROKE (*who is unwillingly giving Miss Olecrop a swimming lesson*).—Now don't be afraid. Just trust yourself to me, and let me support you.

MISS OLECROPO.—It's rather an unfair advantage to take in the water; but — you may ask P-P-Papa.

VERY LIKE LAW.

JOB LOTT.—And so you've really managed to collect that fifty from Hoffman Howes?

KIRBY STONE.—Yes; but it was a sort of legal triumph. I had to spend all the money with him before I could get away.

A CAUSE OF REPENTANCE.

INTERVIEWER.—What do you regard as the chief instrumentality in the conversion of the heathen?

RETURNED MISSIONARY.—Indigestion.

ECONOMY.

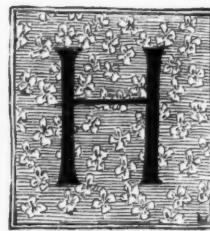
LOEWENSTEIN (*to his clerk*).—Jacob, you need not fish any longer for dot nickel lost under de grating.

JACOB.—But it was a dead loss, Mr. Loewenstein.

LOEWENSTEIN.—Mebbe; but you haf spent four cents' wort' of time on 'it, und I don'd want any dinks dot costs me one hundred per cent. of its value!

ALWAYS SPEAK THE TRUTH, if you have to go to the next town and telegraph it.

QUI FIT, MAECENAS?



HOW DOES it happen, O Maecenas! That no one of the human genus, In country or in town, Whether he 's plutocrat or navvy, Seems ever to acquire the savvy To pull his waistcoat down?

Why in the name of Andrew Jackson Should Vanderplunk, who 's raked in stacks on The Brooklyn handicap, Confide in me that though he 's won, he Bets for the fun, and for the money He does n't care a rap?

And why should Abrahams, who loses, Ingenuous, on a pair of deuces To give the crowd the steer, Think we 'll believe his fairy story That he attends a poker soirée Not more than once a year?

And why did Lydia, pretty dear, Last Sunday, when I went to see her And fell in the tureen, Invent that interesting whopper Concerning morning church with Popper, And tell me where she 'd been?

Myself, at times, I like a lyre; But then I never did aspire To monumental cheek; And, by the way, that ten I owe you, I 'm going to make arrangements so you Shall have it sure next week.

Horace.

BEATING A RETREAT — Jumping a Board-bill at the Summer Resort.

A BRIDGE COLLAPSED with a Decoration Day parade in New Hampshire. It could n't keep up with the procession.



AT THE STUDIO.

STUDIO FIEND. — Now, when you sketch a real person, you say "drawn from life." What do you say when you use that lay figure?

JACK SCUMBLE. — Oh, I say "drawn from the wood."

STUDIO FIEND. — Well, in that case I know you to be quite a draughtsman.

PUCK.

HE EXPRESSED A PREFERENCE.

LADY. — Well, of all the *ragged, dirty, seedy* tramps I ever saw, you 're the worst.

TRAMP (jokingly). — Don't I take the cake?

LADY. — Yes, you do; you 're so seedy, I 'm goin' to give you a seed cake.

TRAMP. — Well, now, if it 's goin' ter be some-
thin' appropriate, w'y — I 'm dreadful short this mornin', Madam.

(He got the short cake.)

CONTRARY TO PRECEDENTS.

UNCLE JOHN. — My boy, don't you know that when you grow up you have as good a chance as anybody to become President of the United States?

SAMMY (doubtfully). — I 'm afraid not, Uncle. I 'm a Republican, you know; and I was n't born in any one-horse country town, but right here in New York City!

"GOULD SHOULD BE PILLORIED," shouts an excited exchange. Doubtless in the preferred stocks.

THE LARCHMONT CLUB HOUSE was opened for the season recently. Residents affirm that it was opened so wide that some of the members fell out.

SUMMER-TIME — Five-and-a-half Day's Business Each Week.

IF YOU FIND the weather too warm, get up before sunrise and quote the Garden-song in "Maud," while you wonder if the lover shivered as you do.

THE LINE must be drawn somewhere, Mr. Woolly. If a man insists on wearing a silk hat and a flannel shirt, he is lucky if it is n't drawn around his neck.

THE CLERGY are willing that the Sunday-closing movement should be applied to themselves, even — when they have a chance to take a vacation.

*Ed: Brown's
Ginger*
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Weak Stomach, * * * * *
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scalp; for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents.

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THE DOCTORS AGREED.

SKEPTIC.—Did you ever know two doctors to agree?

MEDICAL STUDENT (after reflection).—Y-e-s; once.

SKEPTIC.—Where was it?

MEDICAL STUDENT.—At a post-mortem.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

TOUGH GRAPES.

GUEST.—Waiter, bring me a nut-cracker.

WAITER.—But, my dear, sir. We have no nuts.

GUEST.—I don't want it for nuts, but for these grapes you have brought for dessert.—*Texas Siftings.*

HAPPY FOR THE FALL.

"I bless Eve for eating that apple," said a young lady the other day, as she stood before the mirror.

"Why?" asked a companion.

"Because there is such a delight in trying on a new dress when it fits well."—*Boston Courier.*

FATHER.—Willie, where have you been?

WILLIE (the hopeful).—Upstairs, putting red pepper into Uncle Rastus's shoes.

FATHER.—I am surprised, Willie! I thought you were above doing a mean act.

WILLIE.—So I was, sir.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A NEIGHBOR SENT HIM.

HE.—I'm the piano-tuner, Mum.

SHE.—I have n't sent for any piano-tuner.

HE.—Yes, Mum; I know, Mum; it were the gentleman next door sent me here, Mum.—*Texas Siftings.*

IT is already hinted that the Earl of Fife's future husband calls him "tootsie."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

THE cartoon on the first page of the Midsummer PUCK is a fan-sea affair.—*Boston Court Gazette.*

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NOT QUITE RIGHT.

CLERK.—There, sir, I call that a pretty good fitting pair of trousers.

FARMER STUBBLEFIELD (from *Wayback Junction*).—They feel all right in the seat, But; but seems to me, they don't fit very snug under the arms.—*Life*.

OPPENHEIMER.—Could n't I sell you some lead pencils to-day?

MERCHANT.—No; I don't want any pencils.

OPPENHEIMER.—First-class pencils, three for 5 cent.

MERCHANT.—It does n't make any difference what kind of pencils I get; people always borrow and steal 'em.

OPPENHEIMER.—You want to buy some of these; here so poor nobody would n't steal 'em.—*America*.

It was a New Jersey woman who wrote to a tobacco firm in this way: "I understand tobacco is good to keep moths out of clothes. I am about to put away my clothes for the Summer. Please inform me which brand of cigarettes is the most deadly." — *Yonkers Statesman*.

OPEN up the cemetery,

Close your heart to vain regrets;

Useless the apothecary—

Johnny's smoking cigarettes.

—*Merchant Traveler*.

THE REASON.

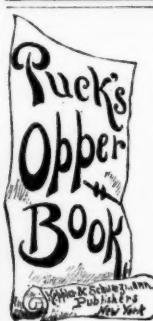
BESSIE.—I met Miss Shapely out shopping to-day, and I never before realized what a loud voice she has.

JENNIE.—But you must remember, my dear, that she was asking for a pair of No. 2 shoes.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

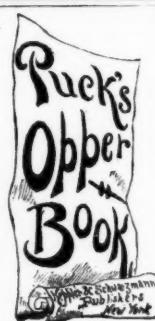
"WHAT shall I call my play?" asked the man who had stolen one from the French; and his friend advised him to call it Elijah, because it was translated.—*Texas Siftings*.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhea. 25 cents a bottle.

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CENTS.



POVERTY AND WEALTH.

MISS DE PRETTY.—I was out riding to-day with Mr. Swellhead, the editor of the *Hightone Magazine*.

POOR AUTHOR (rival suitor).—Did he pay for the rig in postage stamps? — *New York Weekly*.

TEMPTATION SOLICITED.

WILLIE (who has eaten his apple).—Mabel, let's play Adam and Eve. You be Eve and I'll be Adam.

MABEL.—All right. Well?

WILLIE.—Now you tempt me to eat your apple, and I'll succumb.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

ORDERING GROCERIES.

DELIVERY BOY.—What shall I bring you for dinner, Mrs. Youngwife?

MRS. YOUNGWIFE.—Let me see. Oh, yes! Bring me a quart of strawberries and two bars of soap.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

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MODERN BARBARIETY.

REGINA.—What barbarous things these prize fights are, Claudia!

CLAUDIA.—Yes; it makes me indignant to read how they are conducted.

REGINA.—And yet we think ourselves more civilized than the Romans.

CLAUDIA (regretfully).—Indeed, I don't think we are. Why, the Romans were not barbarous enough to exclude ladies and children from the gladiatorial combats. They were just like matinées, and everybody could go.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

IN THE SUBURBS OF BOSTON.

"Come down from that Aesculus Hippocastanum, Elsie. You will fall and hurt yourself."

"Why, Mama, this is n't an Aesculus Hippocastanum! It's an Acer Saccharinum."—*Life*.

A REFRESHING COOLNESS ARISES.

MISS WALDO.—Your western papers are very broad, Miss Breezy.

MISS BREEZY.—Well, Penelope, if they were as broad as yours are narrow, they would be just too broad for any thing.—*Munsey's Weekly*.

THE Northwestern Christian Advocate published an item giving the result of the Sullivan-Kilrain fight. News is news, even in religious circles.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A WESTERN paper says: "The Greenbackers are here to stay." All right. Let them stay there. Their presence will not augment the population of the place to any considerable extent.—*Norristown Herald*.

A DAY AT BARGAINS.

"I am awfully tired to-night."

"Yes, you look rather shop-worn, my dear. Does n't it make you feel rather cheap?"—*Harper's Bazaar*.

The fashionable ladies' corrective tonic is Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned tonic of Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

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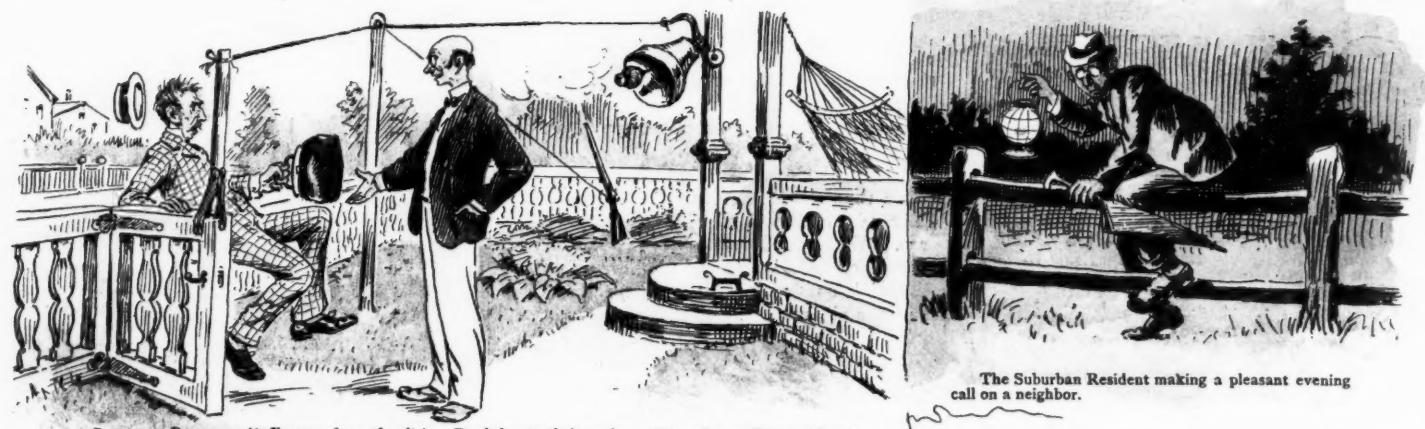
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